

## OCALA SOCIAL AFFAIRS

(If you have any items for this department, call 'phone 106)

## Our Evening Thought

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating what ever is noble and loving in another one.—Thomas Hughes.

Miss Justina Rhody will leave early tomorrow for Baltimore, where she will spend some time the guest of relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Smith and children returned home today from a six weeks outing with relatives in the western portion of the state.

Dr. James Chace and little son, James Jr., left this afternoon for Jacksonville and will sail tomorrow for New York City.

Mrs. J. C. Caldwell and children have returned from a round of visits with relatives in Jacksonville and Fernandina.

Miss Mildred Pyles will leave Saturday for Jacksonville, where she will spend Sunday and Monday the guest of Mrs. Ion Farris. From Jacksonville Miss Pyles will go on to Gainesville, Ga., to resume her studies at Brenau.

Mrs. J. R. Moorhead returned home Tuesday night from a business and pleasure trip through South Florida in the interest of pineapple canning, preserving and jelly making. During her stay in Fort Pierce Mrs. Moorhead was the guest of honor in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Goodwin, who own a 40-acre pinery, and it was under the shade of the mango trees on this beautiful estate that the mysteries of pineapple preserving were worked out. Mrs. Moor-

head went as far down at Stuart and Jensen. She is charmed with the east coast and if Ocala and Marion county do not look well to their laurels, they may lose of their most valued citizens. At Cocoa Mrs. Moorhead was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker and at this place she was associated with Miss Lilly Neidenhofer, a former Marion county girl, and prominent worker in the Marion county canning club work.

## U. D. C. Developments

During the past few months the three candidates for the presidency of the United Daughters of the Confederacy have been conducting active campaigns, each apparently confident of election at the general convention which will be held in San Francisco in October.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler of New York city, formerly a resident of Ocala, has before been in the race for this office, and it is said was defeated owing to her residence in the north, which some of the women thought would detract from her influence with the general organization. Undaunted by failure a few years ago, Mrs. Schuyler is again in the race and her constituents feel sure of her election.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer has the support of the Virginia division, which is probably the largest delegation.

Mrs. E. B. Lamar, of Macon, announced her candidacy some time ago, and has been conducting an aggressive campaign and has secured the pledges of many in the south, when like a bolt out of a clear sky, has been issued the announcement of Mrs. Lamar's withdrawal from the race.

It is expected that the vote will be exceedingly close with just two candidates in the field for Mrs. Odenheimer and Mrs. Schuyler have many ardent supporters.—Exchange.

Mrs. Schuyler was formerly Miss

Leila Rogers, daughter of Col. St. George Rogers, who maintained a large estate for many years near this city where "Rock Hall," owned now by Mr. C. P. Howell, is located. It is sincerely hoped that Mrs. Schuyler will win in this close contest.

A special from the News and Observer, at Durham, N. C., gives this description of the funeral of the late Mrs. Julian Carr, who has many friends and relatives throughout Florida:

"Durham, N. C., Aug. 20.—The funeral of Mrs. Nannie Graham Carr, wife of Gen. Julian S. Carr, will be held from the Durham home, Summer-set Villa, tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The services will be conducted by Rev. A. McCullen, pastor of Trinity Methodist church, who will be assisted by Rev. G. T. Adams, of Wilmington.

"Scores of floral tributes have come to the stricken home from admiring friends of Mrs. Carr and her distinguished husband from all parts of the state and nation. A floral tribute from President Wilson was delivered to the home yesterday together with an expression of condolence of Mr. Wilson. Other designs also came from Washington.

Mr. William Carr, accompanied by his cousin Miss Stella Carr, will leave next Wednesday for college, the former to resume his studies at Washington and Lee University and the latter to enter Hollins, Va.

Miss Helen Veal of Cotton Plant, is the attractive house guest of Miss Katie Mae Eagleton, coming in this morning from her home.

Gen. W. W. Harriss and daughter, Miss Caroline, have returned from a delightful week end spent with friends in Tampa. They made the trip in their automobile and had a splendid outing.

Mrs. William Dale and little daughter, Virginia, who have been summing in the Adirondacks have returned to their home in Gainesville.

Miss Eugenia Fuller, who has been spending the past month at Galbraith Springs, Tenn., will leave that popular resort on Tuesday for a week's visit with friends in Spartanburg, N. C., and Greenville, S. C. Enroute home Miss Fuller will spend a day at Washington Seminary, in Atlanta, the guest of her cousin Miss Sarah Martin, who is a student there.

Mrs. W. K. Zawadzki, sr., of Ocala, is a pleasant visitor in the city, being the guest of her three sons who are living here. Mrs. Zawadzki has a number of friends in Tampa who are always glad to welcome her to the city.—Tampa Times.

Mrs. Zawadzki will return home tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Newcomb Barco, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Hood since her serious illness at the hospital some weeks ago, left yesterday for her home at Cotton Plant, accompanied by her husband and sister, Mrs. Rice, of Titusville, who will be her guest for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Winston, Dr. Winston, Mrs. Whitfield and Master Cornelius Winston motored to Gainesville this morning for a day of recreation in that city.

Miss Onie Chazal will leave early Monday morning for Asheville, N. C., where she will resume her studies in St. Genevieve Convent for the winter.

Mrs. Gilmore and three little children returned yesterday from a stay of some weeks at Lake Weir. They were accompanied home by Mr. Gilmore who joined them there Saturday to spend the week end.

Mrs. Roy Bowers will join her husband at Camp Mucoso tomorrow returning on Monday with Rev. Bowers and Prof. and Mrs. Cassels, who have been at the lake since last Monday supervising the camp during the absence of Rev. Bowers in Sustis.

Mrs. L. A. Gable and little sons have returned from a visit to relatives in the southern part of the state, and is again deep in the interest of her pretty little flower garden at her home near the Ocala high school.

St. Augustine, the first permanent European settlement in the United States, celebrated its 350th birthday yesterday. St. Augustine was founded by Menendez de Aviles Sept. 8th. Accompanied by his chaplains and numerous ecclesiastics, Menendez came ashore with great waving of flags and amid the roar of cannon and drum and trumpet blasts, the chaplain arrayed in rich sacerdotal robes kissed the cross and planted it in the sand by the side of the royal standard. Thus was consecrated the United States' oldest and most interesting city.

PAY YOUR GAS BILL TOMORROW (the 10th) OR THE SERVICE WILL BE DISCONTINUED.

LADIES Don't fail to see the famous South Bend Malleable Range which is now on exhibition at our store from September 8th to 14th. Marion Hardware Company. 9-5t

VEGETABLES, MILK AND EGGS from our own farm daily. Open night and day. Merchants Cafe.

—THE—  
DIAMOND FROM  
THE SKY

(Continued from Page Two)

that young fellow of the neck that dropped a cigarette in my eye from the car window as the train pulled out."

"That young fellow" was Vivian Marston.

In the gypsy camp the proximity of the Romany people brought no return of mental health to the afflicted Hagar. In the trying days that followed the devoted Esther would have given way to despair, but for the cheering presence and loyalty of her new and faithful friend and servant, Quabba, the hunchback organ grinder.

Sedition was at work among Hagar's tribe. Everywhere Luke Lovell was whispering evil counsel. He had determined to wrest the reins of power falling from the hands of Hagar. Once leader of the gypsies, he felt it would be an easy thing to coerce Esther into marriage and thus be assured of his Romany kingship.

Hagar's wealth was a proverb among the gypsies, and while they loved Esther, they listened to Luke when he whispered to them that now that Hagar was bereft of her reason her wealth belonged to and should be shared by the tribe.

Quabba sought in every way to cheer Esther. While Hagar sat in her van moaning and muttering for a child, a son that none had ever heard had been born to her. Quabba would take Esther for walks upon the mountains, knowing Hagar was safe among the gypsies, attended by the elder women waiting and watching faithfully near by at such times.

The favorite spot where Esther and Quabba daily climbed to talk of Arthur and to wonder where he was and when they would hear from him was to the mountain's top, where a great balancing rock swayed to the lightest touch and had menaced the valley below for centuries.

Upon such occasions they took field glasses with them and would watch the roads for miles away, wondering if every distant rider were Arthur returning to them.

Upon one such occasion Quabba turned the glasses upon the gypsy village in the hollow at the mountain's foot. There was some excitement in the camp, it was evident. The figure of Luke Lovell on an eminence in the center of the camp could be plainly seen. The gypsies had gathered around him, and it was evident Luke Lovell was haranguing them to some evil purpose of his own.

Esther and Quabba ran down the mountain, arriving breathlessly at the camp just in time to find Luke Lovell leading the gypsies to Hagar's van to divide it. For this Luke was to be made chief of the gypsies, king where Hagar had been queen and Esther princess.

When Esther and Quabba pushed themselves through the circle of gypsies, Luke had brought out the supposed treasure chest from the van without protest from the crazed Hagar. It was a brass bound box, of which Esther had lately carried the key.

Esther had seen the box open and had noted it contained only some papers, yellow with age. These she had not deemed it her province to examine until Arthur returned.

But now she stepped forward, backed by the active and determined Quabba, and defied Luke to open the box.

"I have the key!" she cried, producing it from her bosom. "And you!" and she turned an indignant glance upon the gypsies—"if you have no respect for your queen or for me and listen to the words of Luke Lovell I will open the box!"

She did so, and as she did Luke thrust his knotted hand in among the documents as if searching for coins or gems. He brought out a bulky, time stained document, the seals broken. It was superscribed, "To be opened at my death, in case my son, Arthur Stanley 2d, should prove unworthy of the Stanley name."

Esther snatched at the paper, and it was open in Luke Lovell's hand, and at a glance Esther and the stouter gypsy both knew the Stanley secret!

Quabba struck with his dagger menacingly, and Luke surrendered the paper to Esther's eager grasp. But he grinned, secure in a knowledge that was power and should be the was resolved upon this wealth to him as it had been to his long dead chief, the greedy Matt Harding.

Esther covered her eyes with her hands, clutching the document all the tighter as she did so. Arthur was her brother—he was not the heir of Stanley. She tottered and would have fallen.

A hoarse murmur of rage rose from the emotional gypsies. They loved Esther, and they loved the crazed Hagar, who now came feebly from the van and asked in a weak voice, "What is it, my children?"

Led by the enraged Quabba, the now infuriated gypsies stoned Luke Lovell from the camp and by this act banished him from the tribe forever.

On the far western plains the young fortune seeker who called himself John Powell, but who had been known in proud Fairfax as the heir of Stanley, found fortune hard to find. The hard and lonely work of a herder was his. On the very day that the Stanley secret was revealed to Esther and Luke Lovell Arthur, as he is now known, John Powell, tastes new adventures.

A campfire's smoke behind a great rock on his desert range had lured him near. Four plotting "long riders" are behind the rock, and he overhears them plan the robbery of the Overland Limited.

He mounts his horse and rides away. The marauders rouse up and fire after him, but they deem him to be a passing inquisitive herder, who has not been near enough to overhear them, and they depart upon their way to consummate the robbery.

It is a congress of tramps, in far away Virginia, that plays a part in the

next phase of our strange story. Luke Lovell, the banished gypsy, has fallen in with this convention or secession ne'er do wells. He arouses their criminal cupidty with his tale of gypsy wealth easy to secure if they let him lead them in a raid on a nearby gypsy camp, defended only by a dozen timid gypsy men.

After the incident of Luke's perfidy Esther resolved never to leave Hagar or the documents again unguarded. Esther had not nerved herself to delve further into Hagar's secrets. She waited for Arthur's return with impatient longing. Every day she sent Quabba to the mountain top by the great rocking stone to watch for Arthur's coming.

It was on sentinel duty here that Quabba saw the desperate tramps, a ragged and brutal horde, fired by Luke Lovell's tales of treasure, raid the gypsy camp. Quabba saw through the glasses the outnumbered gypsies men fight valiantly only to be overcome.

Through the field glasses he could descry the bulky form of Luke Lovell drag Esther from the van, with Hagar clinging feebly to her.

Quabba resolved upon a desperate thing. Better death to Esther, he thought, than she should be in the power of Lovell and his brute horde even for an hour.

Seizing a heavy pine branch lying near by and applying it as a lever, the half delicious Quabba pries at the rocking stone.

It poises a moment on its pivot, then slowly sways and falls roaring down the mountain side. Gathering impetus with every foot of fall, it starts an avalanche of rocks and dirt and stumps.

Mightier, greater, vaster, heavier grows the landslide started by the ponderous rocking stone, now whirling down the mountain side in a great mass of dirt and rubble, until it seems the very mountain is falling.

A roar from the valley below, and then a cloud of dust that rises like a fog shrouding the scene. The gypsy camp is wiped out, overwhelmed and annihilated.

(Continued Next Week)

## NOT EQUAL TO CHAMBERLAIN'S

"I have tried most all of the cough cures and find that there is none that equal Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has never failed to give me prompt relief," writes W. V. Harner, Montpelier, Ind. When you have a cold give this remedy a trial and see for yourself what splendid medicine it is. Obtainable everywhere.

## BEAN SEED

We have just received our new bean seed for the fall planting; all varieties. Ocala Seed Store. 8-11-ct

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## TO-DAY

—AT THE—  
TEMPLE THEATER  
PROGRAM

DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN—Lubin 3-reel drama, featuring Jas. Kaufman, Ethel Clayton and Ostavia Handworth.

THE DIVIDED LOCKET—Biograph drama, featuring Augustus Anderson and Madge Kirby.

## FORD WEEKLY.

CUTEY'S SISTER—Vitaphone Comedy, featuring Wally Van, Albert Rocardi, and Cissy Fitzgerald.

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HUSBAND RESCUED  
DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Cañon, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

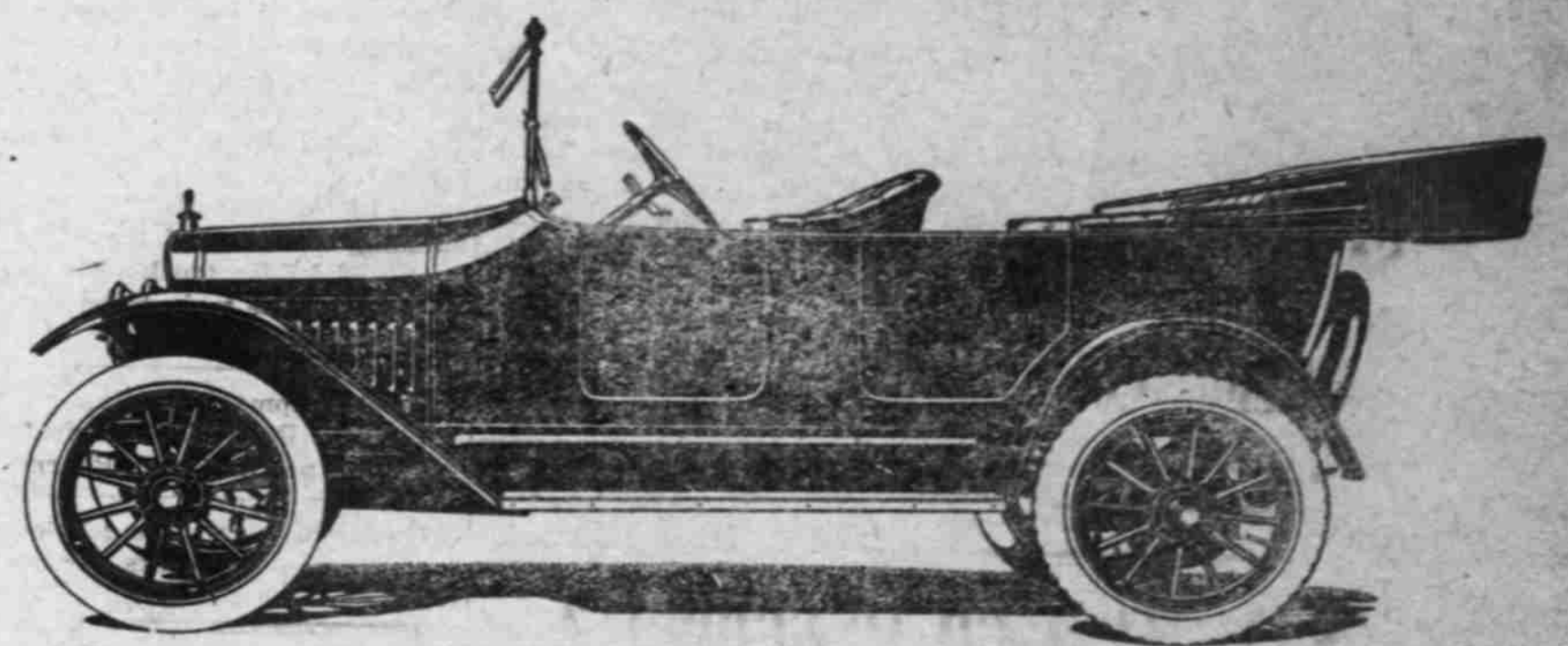
The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-6c



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